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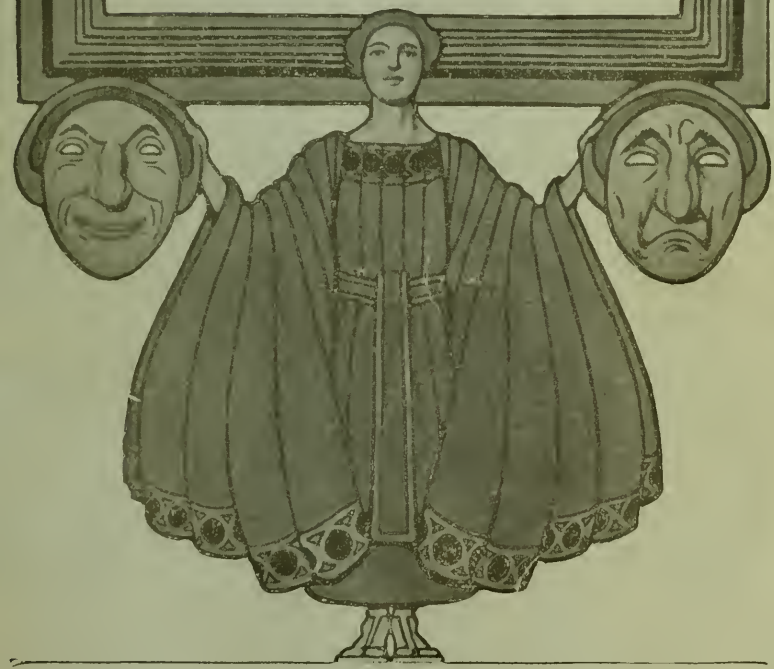
PRICE 25 CENTS

Trying Them Out

Lillian Stoll



ATCHISON, KANSAS

J. R. HELLENER & CO.

Successful Rural Plays

A Strong List From Which to Select Your Next Play

FARM FOLKS. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. For five male and six female characters. Time of playing, two hours and a half. One simple exterior, two easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses, Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited. It is a simple plot, but full of speeches and situations that sway an audience alternately to tears and to laughter.

HOME TIES. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. Characters, four male, five female. Plays two hours and a half. Scene, a simple interior—same for all four acts. Costumes, modern. One of the strongest plays Mr. Tubbs has written. Martin Winn's wife left him when his daughter Ruth was a baby. Harold Vincent, the nephew and adopted son of the man who has wronged Martin, makes love to Ruth Winn. She is also loved by Len Everett, a prosperous young farmer. When Martin discovers who Harold is, he orders him to leave Ruth. Harold, who does not love sincerely, yields. Ruth discovers she loves Len, but thinks she has lost him also. Then he comes back, and Ruth finds her happiness.

THE OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME. A New England Drama in Three Acts, by FRANK DUMONT. For seven males and four females. Time, two hours and a half. Costumes, modern. A play with a strong heart interest and pathos, yet rich in humor. Easy to act and very effective. A rural drama of the "Old Homstead" and "Way Down East" type. Two exterior scenes, one interior, all easy to set. Full of strong situations and delightfully humorous passages. The kind of a play everybody understands and likes.

THE OLD DAIRY HOMESTEAD. A Rural Comedy in Three Acts, by FRANK DUMONT. For five males and four females. Time, two hours. Rural costumes. Scenes rural exterior and interior. An adventurer obtains a large sum of money from a farm house through the intimidation of the farmer's niece, whose husband he claims to be. Her escapes from the wiles of the villain and his female accomplice are both starting and novel.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN BOY. A Strong Melodrama in Five Acts, by CHARLES TOWNSEND. For seven males and four females, and three supers. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. One exterior, three interiors. Costumes easy. The hero, a country lad, twice saves the life of a banker's daughter, which results in their betrothal. A scoundrelly clerk has the banker in his power, but the White Mountain boy finds a way to checkmate his schemes, saves the banker, and wins the girl.

Trying Them Out

A Comedy in One Act

By
LILLIAN STOLL

ATCHISON, KANSAS
J. R. HELLENER & CO.
1921

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Trying Them Out

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MAR 17 1921

Trying Them Out

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BILL.....*The office boy*
MR. BROWN.....*The manager*
MISS SALLY ALLEN.....*An old maid*
MRS. MARY DUE.....*A widow*
MISS COVINGTON.....*A social butterfly*
MISS HALL.....*A stenographer*

TIME.—Forty minutes.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Mr. Brown, manager of a woollen firm, advertises for an expert stenographer. The first applicant is an old maid who informs Mr. Brown just what she will and will not do. Mr. Brown meekly says that he doesn't believe he will suit her. Mrs. Mary Due, a widow, applies, but her English and spelling are so bad that she is dismissed. Miss Covington, who tells all about her family tree, arrives next but does not get the position. Miss Hall, a good stenographer, applies and shows how to be businesslike. Under her influence even the office boy changes his habits. The purpose of the play is educational as well as amusing. A number of points on business ethics are brought out.

COSTUMES, ETC.

BILL. About fifteen. Wears the garb of a fresh office boy.

MR. BROWN. About thirty. Dressed very neatly in street suit.

MISS ALLEN. About forty-five. Dressed old maidish and eccentric.

MRS. DUE. About twenty-five. Wears very gaudy clothes and jewelry, chews gum, and carries a small dog.

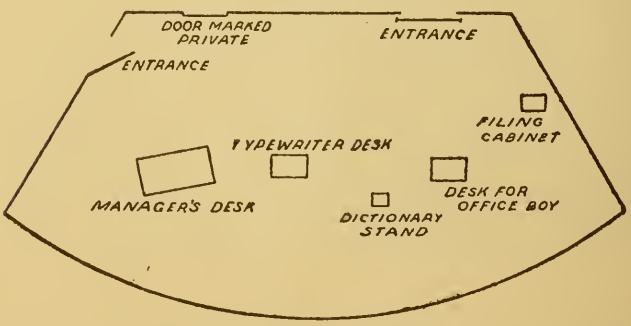
MISS COVINGTON. About twenty-five. Wears very fussy clothes and a large picture hat.

MISS HALL. About twenty-five. Dressed in neat blue tailored suit and small hat.

PROPERTIES

Duster for office boy. Telephone. Typewriter. Two desks and one for typewriter. Three chairs. Hat-rack. Small dog. Dictionary. Bouquet of flowers.

SCENE PLOT



There is only one scene and this represents the interior of an office.

Trying Them Out

SCENE.—*A business office.*

(*Curtain rises on office boy dusting the room.*)

BILL. I sure am tired this morning. But that was a fine picture show last night. It must be great to be a movie star. Here I am dusting and running errands in an old office. I —— (*Telephone rings.* BILL *goes to 'phone.*) Hello, hello, what do you want? He's busy—Yes, I'll tell him you're sick and won't be down to-day—No'm I won't forget. (*Sits down at desk.*) Now just because I want to go to a ball game this afternoon somebody's got to get sick; well, I'll get sick too. I guess I'll call Jimmy and see if he can go. Hello, Central, how are you this morning? Give me B8921. Hello, Jimmy, going to the game?—Ah, tell him your grandmother's dead. Come on and go. You bet I'm going. Sure, I'll meet you at the drug store. Sure. No, I can't come down the street now. The boss has advertised for a new stenographer and I've got to stick around to see what she'll look like. No, Miss Johns got married. So long.

(*Enter* MANAGER BROWN *from the door marked "private."*)

BROWN. Bill, here is some copy I'd like to have you take down to the printer's when you go to the bank. Have fifty copies made. Where is Adams this morning? (*Looks at* ADAMS' *desk.*)

BILL. Oh, he 'phoned and said he was sick and

you'd find the orders that had to be gotten out in his desk.

BROWN. What next, and I'm swamped with work. Here it has been three days and not a single answer to my advertisement for a stenographer. (*Sits down at* ADAMS' *desk and picks up some papers on the desk.*) Miss Johns was a fine stenographer and expert ones are scarcer than hen's teeth. Just about the time you get a stenographer where she knows something she decides to get married. About the only way to keep one these days is to marry her yourself. Here, Bill, you can sort these orders alphabetically. (*Goes into private office.*)

BILL. All right. (BILL *sits at* ADAMS' *desk and picks up paper.*) Oh, what's this? *Don'ts for Employees.* (BILL *reads and gives his own comment on each one.*) "Don't be late." No, but the high mogul can be. "Don't watch the clock." Oh, you don't say. Work overtime. "Don't gossip." Oh, no, you might hurt somebody's feelings. "Don't use the telephone for private conversations." Well, that's the only way I can make my dates. "Don't overdress but put enough on." Poor little georgettes. "Don't fail to dress neatly." Oh, yes, press your trousers every night, shine your shoes, get out a clean collar and shirt, wash your face and then if any time is left go to bed. "Don't chew gum." I suppose he thinks it looks tough. (BILL *chews his furiously.*) "Don't stay out late nights." Well, I bet he's from a nine o'clock town. "Don't fail to be cheerful." Smile, dearie, smile. "Don't "——

(*The boss enters the room carrying letters and* BILL *gets busy at orders.*)

BROWN. Bill, can you run a typewriter?

BILL. No, nothing but a Ford.

BROWN. Well, I guess I'll have to try it myself. (BROWN *has difficulty getting paper in and finally begins to pick out letters on machine. He makes a mistake, frowns; stops to erase, makes more mistakes and finally throws carriage back in disgust.*) Oh, Bill, get

over here and see if you can find these dainty little keys any better than I can.

BILL. Oh, I don't know anything about a typewriter. (BILL *goes to machine. Knock is heard at the door.* BROWN *goes over and works at his desk.* BILL *goes to door.*) Gee, I hope that's a stenographer.

(*Enter old maid,* MISS SALLY ALLEN.)

OLD MAID. Is the manager in?

BILL. There's his desk over there.

OLD MAID. Some people think they're awful fresh.

BROWN. Good-morning.

(*Offers* OLD MAID *a chair.*)

OLD MAID. Good-morning. I saw your advertisement and so I've come to see how it suits me. First, I would like to know if you smoke?

BROWN. No, ma'am.

BILL (*who is supposed to be working at orders on* ADAMS' *desk*). Oh, oh no.

OLD MAID. Do you chew?

BILL (*aside*). Nothing but my food.

OLD MAID. Do you drink?

BROWN. No.

BILL (*aside*). Nothing but water.

OLD MAID. Oh—a—do you swear?

BROWN. I think not.

OLD MAID. Do you ever lie?

BROWN. Oh, occasionally.

OLD MAID. Well, I want you to understand right now, sir, that I have always been treated like a lady and I never expect to be treated otherwise. And another thing, I have never been used to hearing profanity in any way, shape or form, and don't expect to begin any new habits.

BILL (*gets up and starts to dust; aside*). No, you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

BROWN. No, certainly not, ma'am.

OLD MAID. Now I want to know what you expect

of your stenographers. For instance, how many words do you require I should write a minute?

BILL (*knocks book off of desk with duster*). Oh, gol darn it ——

OLD MAID (*holding ears*). How shocking. (*To* BROWN.) Sir, how can you stand to hear such language?

BROWN. Be quiet, Bill.

BILL. All right.

OLD MAID. That young ruffian never learnt that at Sunday-school.—Well, how many words did you say I was to write a minute?

BROWN. Well, ma'am, I don't think it would be asking too much to have you write, say one hundred words a minute.

OLD MAID. Well of all things; at my last place I never wrote over twenty-five words a minute.

BILL. I bet that's why she didn't stay.

OLD MAID. Now I can show you my letter of recommendation if you like. Here it says—to show that Miss Sally Allen ——

BROWN. Oh, yes, I'm sure your recommendations are all right.

OLD MAID. And how many hours are required for work?

BROWN. Well, you will have about seventy-five letters to transcribe every day.

OLD MAID. Seventy-five letters? You surely don't believe in the eight-hour law. How much for overtime?

BILL (*out loud*). Overtime? Who ever heard of overtime in this office?

OLD MAID. How many men have you working in your office?

BROWN. About thirteen at present, ma'am.

OLD MAID. And are any of them flirtified? You know I couldn't stand to be winked at or anything like that. (*Looks at office boy.*)

BROWN. Oh, my men are all very prudent men, but really, madam, *I don't believe* I would suit you.

OLD MAID (*leaving*). No, I hardly think so. I knew the minute I stepped inside that a well-refined lady like me could never live through a day in an office like this. (*Goes out and slams door behind her.*)

BILL. Now, wasn't she a bird? Say, Mr. Brown, what did she say about me and going to Sunday school?

BROWN. Oh, nothing.

(*A knock is heard at the door.*)

BILL. I hope that's a real stenographer.

(*Goes to door.*)

BROWN. For goodness' sake, Bill, please put your company manners on if it's a stenographer.

(*Enter* MRS. MARY DUE—*dressed very outlandish and carrying a small white poodle.*)

MRS. DUE. Good-morning. I seen your advertisement in the *Morning Sun* for an expert stenographer.

BILL (*very flowery*). Yes, madam. I will call the manager. (*Walks over to* BROWN *and she follows.*)

BROWN. Good-morning; just be seated here.

MRS. DUE. I seen your advertisement so I thought I'd drop in and talk to you. You know I really don't have to work, but my late husband just died and I thought work would take the terrible tragedy from my mind. You have no idea unless you have lost yourself what a dreadful blow it is to lose your life helpmate, and now all I have left is dear little Tootsie. I take him with me everywhere I go. Do you like dogs, Mr.—er—er ——

BROWN. My name is Brown.

MRS. DUE. Oh, yes, yes, Brown is a very charming name. I like it very much. My name is Mrs. Mary Due.

BILL (*aside*). Mrs. Mary Do Tell of Dew Drop Inn.

MRS. DUE. It's very short and easy to remember and that is one thing I ——

BROWN. Yes, I think so too, Mrs. Due, but what experience have you had as a stenographer?

MRS. DUE. Oh, no experience whatever. You see I just graduated from business college, but my grades *was* excellent. They told me at the school there was no more like me ever in the history of the school.

BILL. I hope not.

BROWN. I'd like to try you on some dictation, Mrs. Due, and see what you can do before I employ you. I am quite anxious to get this letter out.

MRS. DUE (*nervously*). Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Brown. I'm just a little nervous since my dear husband died.

(*Sobs.*)

BROWN. Oh, yes, Mrs. Due, but here is the letter. (MRS. DUE *takes pencil off his ear and seats herself at his desk.*) Mr. J. M. Morse, Newark, N. J. Dear Sir ——

MRS. DUE. Just a minute, please.

(*Fluffs her hair and smiles at* BROWN.)

BROWN (*looks disgusted*). Dear Sir: I have your favor of the 12th instant and in reply will say that I have just received your check for ten thousand dollars.

MRS. DUE (*aside*). Ten thousand dollars, what a lot of money—he's the man for me.

BROWN. I have heard from Mr. U. R. Green that there is a ——

MRS. DUE. U. R. Green, what a funny name. Brown is so much nicer.

BROWN. Shortage of woollen goods ——

MRS. DUE (*sighs and looks at her dog*). Again, please, Mr. Brown—I'm a little nervous—I've had such a tragedy in losing my husband.

BILL. No wonder he died. I bet he committed suicide.

BROWN. I have heard that there is a shortage of woollen goods on account of the prevailing epidemic.

MRS. DUE. What? Epidemic? How do you spell it?

BROWN. E-p-i-d-e-m-i-c.

MRS. DUE. Oh, dear, I hope there will not be an-

other flu epidemic—I might lose Tootsie. You know, Mr. Brown, I have decided I never will marry again.

BILL. No, I don't think so either. I will now sing that little ditty entitled, "He Sleeps in the Valley," by request.

BROWN. Hoping to hear from you if you have heard anything in regard to this report. I am, Yours truly. Now, Mrs. Due, while you are transcribing that letter I will attend to some work in the adjoining room. I think you will find stationery and envelopes at your disposal in this desk. (*She looks at him wonderingly.*) Bill, I want you to run down to the bank and deposit these checks.

(*Exit* BROWN *and* BILL. BILL *waves good-bye.*)

MRS. DUE (*now alone*). Isn't he a dear! Ten thousand dollars. I know I'll like it here. He didn't say a word about salary. Oh, well, Tootsie, you soon can have beefsteak every day. I'll just have to call up Katie. (*Goes to telephone.*) L9382—Hello, Katie—Oh, Katie, I've jest landed a swell position. A Mr. Brown—Perfectly handsome. Tall, slender—wonderful gray eyes—and hair divine—He's rich, too, I know. Oh, Katie—Oh yes, I have to get busy—Tootsie says good-bye too. Why, of course, I have him with me. Good-bye. (*Goes to machine.*) Now to get that horrid old letter out. I never did like to typewrite. If the principal of that old business college could only see me now. He said I never could hold down a job, but I'll show him. (*Starts to put paper in machine. It goes in wrong. She tears it out and puts in another. Finally gets it in and starts to typewrite, using the hen and peck system. Makes a mistake.*) This old typewriter certainly isn't any good. I never did like these old Wood-unders. I wish he'd get an Oliver. (*Starts to erase and tears a hole in the paper.*) Such cheap paper. (*Takes out the paper and puts in another piece. Typewrites, saying words out loud.*) Mr. Jimmy Norman, Newfork, N. Y. Dear me, how do you spell Newfork? Where is the dictionary?

N-e-u—— Such a dictionary, doesn't even have Newfork in it. Oh well, it don't matter, the postmaster will know what I mean. He is a friend of mine.

(*Makes more mistakes and erases. The office boy enters with mail, so she stops talking. They glance at each other and make faces. She pecks away. Enter boss.*)

BROWN. Well, Mrs. Due, is the letter finished?

MRS. DUE. Just a minute, please.

(*Hands him the letter which he holds up to audience. It is torn and full of erasure holes.*)

BROWN (*reads letter aloud*). Mr. Jimmy Norman Newfork N. J. Dear Sirs: I have your fever this instand 12 times in haste I have checked $10,000. I have heard Mr. that you are green and there is shorts in women's goods. Please let me hear if the epidemic is with you. Hopping down the gate I am Yours unruly. Why, Mrs. Due—you are no stenographer. Just look at this paper full of holes and misspelled words. It's dreadful. I couldn't possibly keep you.

MRS. DUE. Who asked you to? That's just how unreasonable you men are. When I had corn beef and cabbage my husband always wanted something else, and when I wore a red dress he wanted me to wear a blue one. I wouldn't work for any one as discourteous as you are. Neither of you are gentlemen. I wouldn't even let Tootsie associate with you.

(*Flounces out.* BROWN *falls back in chair.* BILL *sings.*)

BILL (*sings*). "Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone; oh where, oh where can he be?"

(*Another knock is heard.* BROWN *is working at the desk. Enter* MISS EVANGELINE EVELYN COVINGTON, *dressed in afternoon gown and picture hat, carrying a parasol.*)

MISS COVINGTON. Good-morning. I'd like to have a conference with the proprietor.

BILL. Yes, madam.

MISS COVINGTON. Beg your pardon, boy—I am a Mademoiselle.

BILL. Oh oui.

MISS COVINGTON. As I said before, I'd like a conference with the proprietor.

(BROWN *comes forward.*)

BROWN. Good-morning.

MISS COVINGTON. You are the proprietor?

BROWN. Yes.

MISS COVINGTON. I am Miss Evangeline Evelyn Covington, the daughter of the late Captain John Jacob Covington, who was distinguished for bravery twice during the Civil War. My family have all been brave and fearless warriors.

BROWN. I understand. (*Aside.*) I wonder what she wants.

BILL. I bet she's collecting for some war society.

(*Sneaks out.*)

MISS COVINGTON. So you see I am used to being associated with very gallant and courageous men.

BROWN. Yes, yes, but ——

MISS COVINGTON. So if I should decide to accept a position in your office you can see what position I would maintain in keeping with my social status.

BROWN. Oh, I now understand you are interested in the position of stenographer in my office.

MISS COVINGTON. Interested is hardly the word, sir—I am doing this for the cause of humanity. I realize that expert stenographers are scarce, so I have at last consented to give a few hours of my time to menial labors. Now as to salary—I should not think forty dollars a week would be too much. I would work from say ten to twelve and one to three. That would give me ample time to keep my social position as a Covington.

BROWN. I suppose you at your age have had considerable experience in the business world.

MISS COVINGTON. Indeed, none whatever. I tell you my family have all been warriors and gallant men of valor and I shall work for men only of that class.

BROWN. Bill, oh Bill! (BILL *comes in.* BROWN *looks at him and winks.*) Bill, will you go down to the police station and see if any of our men have been locked up for the night?

MISS COVINGTON. Police station ——

BROWN. Yes, Miss Covington, the employees of this office are a bold, bad set of men who spend at least seven nights out of the week in the police station.

MISS COVINGTON. Oh! (*Screams.*) I am disgraced for life, and to think I should be the cause of the downfall of my family. I have entered the office of a criminal.

(*Exits.*)

BROWN. I thought that would bring her to time. I'll be a raving maniac before the day is over. Bill, I leave the rest with you. You decide who shall and shall not see me. This is my busy day; first it's an old maid who tells me what she will do and then a widow with a sob story, and then a social butterfly with a gallant family tree. I'll be in my private office.

(*Exit* BROWN. BILL *sits down, puts his feet on manager's desk and starts to whistle. A knock is heard.*)

(*Enter* MISS KATHERINE HALL, *neatly dressed and a businesslike person. At her appearance, the office boy assumes a gentleman-like attitude.*)

MISS HALL. Good-morning.

BILL. Good-morning.

MISS HALL. I should like to see the manager.

BILL. Mr. Brown, a lady to see you.

(BROWN *comes forth.*)

BROWN. Good-morning.

MISS HALL. Good-morning. Miss Hall is my

name. I came to inquire if the position of stenographer in your office has been filled.

BROWN. No, Miss Hall, it has not.

MISS HALL. I have just graduated from a complete commercial course and should like to be considered for the position.

BROWN. Have you had any experience?

MISS HALL. No, sir, but I am willing to work hard, work overtime if necessary, until I get on to things.

BROWN. Yes, I'm sure of that. I should like to try you on some dictation.

MISS HALL. Yes, sir.

(BROWN *hands her pencil and paper and she sits down at desk and waits for dictation.* BROWN *dictates the letter he gave to* MRS. DUE. MISS HALL *takes it without any difficulty.*)

BROWN. Mr. J. M. Morse, Newark, New Jersey. Dear Sir: I have your favor of the 12th instant and in reply will say that I have just received your check for $10,000. I have heard from Mr. U. R. Green that there is a shortage of woollen goods owing to the epidemic. Hoping to hear from you if you have heard anything in regard to this report, I am, Yours truly. There, Miss Hall, I should like to have you transcribe it. I shall be in the adjoining room.

(MISS HALL *sits at machine. Starts to typewrite very rapidly.*)

BILL (*surprised look on his face*). I'll say she's on. She's got Miss Johns skinned a mile. Just listen to that machine go. (BILL *looks at his watch and goes up to* MISS HALL'S *desk.*) Excuse me, Miss Hall, but it's time for me to go after the mail. Will you answer the 'phone if it rings?

MISS HALL. Certainly; what is the number of this 'phone?

BILL. L4821.

(MISS HALL *writes it down.* BILL *leaves and* MISS HALL *goes to her work. 'Phone rings.*)

MISS HALL. L4821.—No, he just stepped out. Will you leave your number? All right, Jimmy.

(*Goes back to machine.*)

BROWN (*at the door*). Bill—oh—Bill ——

MISS HALL. He's gone after the mail.

BROWN. Without being told—well, it's the first time in the history of Bill.

(*Exit.*)

(MISS HALL *keeps on typewriting. Enter* BILL *carrying mail and a large package containing flowers which he puts on other desk and then starts with mail toward* BROWN'S *private office.*)

MISS HALL. Jimmy wants you to call him.

BILL (*looks disgusted*). Isn't that just like him to call during office hours. I guess I'll have to show him all these don'ts. "Don't use the telephone for private conversations."

(*Enter* BROWN. MISS HALL *hands him letter.*)

BROWN. That's fine, Miss Hall. Would you consider a salary of twenty dollars a week to start on with an increase as you progress? Our hours are from eight-thirty to five.

MISS HALL. Yes, sir.

(BILL *goes over to desk and takes out a bunch of flowers and begins to arrange them on* MISS HALL'S *desk.*)

BROWN. What's the grand idea, Bill?

BILL. Oh, you know what you said about the only way to keep a good stenographer, so I'm getting prepared.

CURTAIN

Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

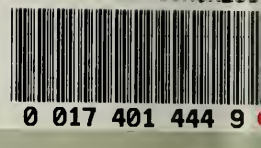
YOUNG DOCTOR DEVINE. A Farce in Two Acts, by Mrs. E. J. H. Goodfellow. One of the most popular plays for girls. For nine female characters. Time in playing, thirty minutes. Scenery, ordinary interior. Modern costumes. Girls in a boarding-school, learning that a young doctor is coming to vaccinate all the pupils, eagerly consult each other as to the manner of fascinating the physician. When the doctor appears upon the scene the pupils discover that the physician is a female practitioner.

SISTER MASONS. A Burlesque in One Act, by Frank Dumont. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization.

A COMMANDING POSITION. A Farcical Entertainment, by Amelia Sanford. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. A Comedy in One Act, by Frank Dumont. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels.

THE OXFORD AFFAIR. A Comedy in Three Acts, by Josephine H. Cobb and Jennie E. Paine. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment.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Unusually Good Enterl

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on Your Next Program

GRADUATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL. An Entertainment in Two Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For six males and four females, with several minor parts. Time of playing, two hours. Modern costumes. Simple interior scenes; may be presented in a hall without scenery. The unusual combination of a real "entertainment," including music, recitations, etc., with an interesting love story. The graduation exercises include short speeches, recitations, songs, funny interruptions, and a comical speech by a country school trustee.

EXAMINATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL. An Entertainment in One Act, by WARD MACAULEY. Eight male and six female characters, with minor parts. Plays one hour Scene, an easy interior, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Miss Marks, the teacher, refuses to marry a trustee, who threatens to discharge her. The examination includes recitations and songs, and brings out many funny answers to questions. At the close Robert Coleman, an old lover, claims the teacher. Very easy and very effective.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY STORE. A Rural Entertainment in Three Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For four male and five female characters, with some supers. Time, two hours. Two scenes, both easy interiors. Can be played effectively without scenery. Costumes, modern. All the principal parts are sure hits. Quigley Higginbotham, known as "Quig," a clerk in a country store, aspires to be a great author or singer and decides to try his fortunes in New York. The last scene is in Quig's home. He returns a failure but is offered a partnership in the country store. He pops the question in the midst of a surprise party given in his honor. Easy to do and very funny.

THE DISTRICT CONVENTION. A Farcical Sketch in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven males and one female, or twelve males. Any number of other parts or supernumeraries may be added. Plays forty-five minutes. No special scenery is required, and the costumes and properties are all easy. The play shows an uproarious political nominating convention. The climax comes when a woman's rights champion, captures the convention. There is a great chance to burlesque modern politics and to work in local gags. Every part will make a hit.

SI SLOCUM'S COUNTRY STORE. An Entertainment in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eleven male and five female characters with supernumeraries. Several parts may be doubled. Plays one hour. Interior scene, or may be played without set scenery. Costumes, modern. The rehearsal for an entertainment in the village church gives plenty of opportunity for specialty work. A very jolly entertainment of the sort adapted to almost any place or occasion.